ing of thy minde, for if I should haue grieu'd at the ill will of euerie master that I haue serued, I verily thinke I had kild a proper man long ere this: for I am sure I haue had as many masters, as there are market townes in England: and yet perhaps quoth Harrie none so good a master as his was.

A.W.E.W.

Neuer did man speake truer word said the Knight for he was to me good, kinde and liberal, but howsoeuer he hath banisht me his house, yet shal my heart serue him while I liue: now doth it come in my minde how happy they are that liue in his fauour: how blessed they be that inioy his presence: O were my head once againe shadowed vnder his faire roofe, it would expell all vnquiet thoughts, which like milstones presseth down my harts comfort.

What, would you goe dwell with him againe quoth Tomasie what a base minde doe you beare: were it to me, by this flesh and blood, I would rather runne as farre as Ierusalem to seeke a Master. Tom, Tom (said the Knight) I know this, wealth makes men lostie, but want makes men lowly, and commonly gentle masters haue proude seruants, but had I beene as wise, as I was wilfull, I might haue led a happie life, but if teares might satisfie for mine offence, I would quickly recouer his fauour.

Hereupon the wofull knight would haue parted their companie, but Harrie secretly conferring with him, had knowledge howe his griefs grewe, and making themselues knowne the one to the other agreed to goe to London together, and there to trie what fortune would befal them.

The knight tooke great comfort by this conference: and hauing good store of gold about him, made them great cheere at Kingstone, and in the ende was content to take their counsell: and comming into Fleete streete, Tom Dunn brought them to Peachey's house, where

such meanes was made, that at last vpon the triall of their manhood, they were all entertained: and so well did Peachey like of Sir John, that he vowed he should not be his man, but his fellow.

Within short time after the Frenchmen had landed in the Ile of Wight, about two thousand men of War, who burned and spoiled the country verie sore, for which cause the King had made ready an armie of men to goe thether. Peachey at his owne proper cost set foorth thirtie of his owne seruants, well armed at all assaies, and himselfe as Captaine ouer them mustred before the king: who liked so well of them, that he chose out seuen of that companie for his owne guarde, at what time Sir John in disguised maner shewed there such good seruice, that thereby he won his maiesties high fauour, and was by him most graciously pardoned. Peachey was hereupon made the kings Shoomaker, who lived long after in great fauour and estimation both with his Maiestie and all the honorable Lords of the Court.

Chap. 8.

¶ Of Tom Drums vants, & his rare entertainment at Mistres Farmers house, the faire Widow of Fleetestreete.

There lived in Fléet-stréete at this time a faire widow, who was as famous for her beauty, as she was estéemed for her wealth, she was beloued of many gentlemen, and sued vnto by diuers Citizens, but so deep was the memorie of her late husband ingrauen in her heart, that she vtterly refused marriage, leading a sober and solemne life.

Harry

Harry Neuell hauing his heart fiered, with the bright beames of this blazing Comet, sought all meanes possible to quench the heate therof with the floudes of her fauourable curtesie: and lacking meanes to bring himself acquainted with so curious a péece, bewrayed by his outward sighes his inward sorrowes: which vpon a time Tom Drum perceiuing, demaunded the cause of his late conceiued griefe, saying: how now Hal, what winde blowes so bleake on your chéekes now? tell me mad wag hath Cupid and you had a combate lately? Why lookst thou so sad? hath thr blinde slaue giuen thée a bloody nose, or a broken head? Oh, no Tom quoth he, that little tyrant aymes at no other part but the heart, therefor tis my hart and not my head that bléeds. With whom Hal, with whom art thou in loue, tell me man? it may be I may pleasure thée more in that matter then my Lord Maior: therefore yfaith Harrie say who is it? neuer be afraid man to vnbuckle your budget of close counsell to me, for if I bewray your secrets call me dogs nose, and spit in my face like a yong kitling.

I tell thée Harry, I am held in greater account among women then you are aware, and they wil more willingly shew their secrets to me then to their ghostly father: But art thou so in fauour with fine wenches quoth Harry?

Yfaith sir I quoth Tom, for I troe I haue not lined thus long, but I knew how to make a woman loue mée, by a cunning tricke that I haue: I durst lay my life, I wil make a dozen maides, runne after me twentie mile for one nights lodging, striuing among themselues, who first bestow her maidenhead vpon me.

That tricke surpasses of all the trickes that euer I should heard quoth Harrie.

Nay quoth Tom, ile tell thée once what a merie prank I plaid, God forgiue me for it, vpō a time, on a sater day in ẏ euening, I went into Cast-cheap of purpose

to spie what prettie wenches came to market, where I saw a great many as fresh as flowers in May, tripping vp and downe the stréetes with handbaskets in their hands, in red stammell petticoates, cleane neckerchers and fine holland aprons as white as a Lilly: I did no more but carrie the right leg of a Turtle vnder my left arme, and immediatly the wenches were so inamored with my sight, that they forsooke the butchers shops and inticst me into a Tauerne, where they spent all the money they should haue laid out at Market, onely to make me merrie: and neuer had I so much to doe, as to be rid of their companie, where they were readie to fall together by the eares, for the kisses they would haue bestowed on me.

But it may be quoth Harrie, your arte would faile you now, to help your friend at a dead lift: not so said Tom, and therefore if there be any in this stréete, that thou hast a minde vnto, thou shalt carrie but the head of a dead crow about thée, & it shall be of force to bring her to thy bed, were it fine mistres Farmer her selfe. But art thou acquainted with her quoth Harrie, or dost thou thinke thou couldst prefer a friend to her spéech? Me thinkes I should quoth Tom, why I tell thée I am more familiar with her then with Doll our kitching drudge: why man she will doe any thing at my request, nay I can commaund her in some sort, for I tell thée she will not scant be séene in the stréete though some would giue her twentie pound for euery step, and I did but slightlie request her to walk into the fields with me and straight she went, and I neuer come into her house but I haue such entertainment as no man hath the like, for as soone as euer she sées me set footing on her checkquered pauement, presently with a smilling looke, shée méetes mee halfe way saying: what my friend Tom Drum? honest Thomas, by my christian soule hartely welcome: then straight a chaire and a cushion is fetcht for me, and the

best

best chéere in the house set on the table, and then sitting downe by my side in her silken gowne, she shakes me by the hand and bids me welcome, and so laying meate on my trencher with a siluer forke, she wishes me frolicke, at what time all the secrets of hir heart she imparts vnto me, crauing my opinion in the premises. I assure thée said Harrie, these are high fauours, well bewraying the great friendship that shee beares thée, and I much maruell that thou being a yong man, will not séeke a wife that is so wealthy, and so make thy selfe famous by marying mistres Farmer, for it is likely she could well away to make him her husband, to whom she opens her hearts secrets.

Tis true quoth Tom, and I know that if I spoke but halfe a word she would neuer denie mee: nay shee would spend tenne of her twelue siluer apostles on condition I would vouchsafe to be her husband. But wot you what Harrie: it is well knowne, though Lillies be faire in shew, they be foule in smell, and women as they are beautifull, so are they deceitfull, beside mistres Farmer is too olde for me.

Too old quoth Harrie: why man she is not so olde as charing Crosse, for her gate is not crooked, nor her face wethered: but were she an hundred yeare old, hauing so stronge a body and so faire a face, she were not in my opinion much to be mislikt: yet in my conscience I thinke, since first her faire eies beheld the bright sunne, shee neuer tasted the fruites of twentie flourishing summers, nor scant felt the nipping frostes of nineteene colde winters, and therefore her age needs be no hurt to her marriage. Ile tel thée my minde quoth Tom, after a woman is past fiftéene yéeres olde, I will not giue fifteene pence for one for her: but tel me Harry dost thou like her: if thou do, say so, and I will warrant her thy owne.

Gentle Tom Quoth Harry, thou art the true figure of vnfained friendship, and the assured Map of manhood,

doe but prefer mée to her acquaintance, and I will request no greater curtesie. Héere is my hand quoth Tom, it shall be done, and on thursday at night next we wil go thether, and then thou shalt sée whether Tom Dzum can commaund any thing in Mistres Farmers house or no. The day being thus set downe, Harrie had prepared him selfe a fayre sute of apparell against the time, and beside had bought certaine gifts to bestow on the faire widow: Tom Dzum in like sort had drest himselfe in the best manner he might, still bearing Harry in hand that none in the world should be better welcome then he to the widow: which God wot was nothing so, for she neuer respected him but onely for the shoes he brought her: but you shal sée how it fel out. The day being come, Tom taking Harry by the hand and comming to the widows doze, took hold of the bell and rung therat so lustely, as if hee had béene bound seauen yéeres prentice to a sexten: Wherupon one of the prentices came straight to the doz saying: who is there? Sura quoth Tom Dzum tis I, open the doze: the fellow séeing it to be Tom Dzum, with a frowne askt him what he would haue? who answered he would speake with his Mistres. My Mistres is busie quoth the fellow, cannot I doe your errand? No marry can you not quoth Tom, I must speake with her my selfe: then stay a little said the boy and I wil tel her, and with that in he went, leauing Tom still at the doze where they sate till their séete wart colde before the boy returned. By the masse quoth Harry, whatsoeuer your credit with the Mistres is I know not, but the curtesie is smal that is shewen you by her man: tush quoth Tom what will you haue of a rude vnmannerly boy? if any of the maides had come to the dooze, we had béene long ere this brought to their Mistres presence: therefore once againe I will vse the help of the bell rope.

At his second ringing, out comes one of the maides saying with a shril voice: who the deuil is at the doz that

keeps

kéepes such a ringing? why you queane quoth he, tis I: what Tom Drum quoth she, what would you haue? I would speake with you Mistres quoth he: trust me said the maide you cannot speake with her now, for she is at supper, with two or three that are suters, M. Doctor Burket is one and M. Alderman Jaruice the other: tut quoth Tom tell not me of suters, but tell her that I am héere and then good enough: well I will quoth she, and with that claps to the doore againe and kéeps them still without. This geare workes but ill fauourdly yet said Harry, and you are little beholding either to the men or the maids for ought that I sée, that will not shew you so much fauour to stay within doores: tis no matter Harry quoth he, but if their mistres shuld know this, she wold swinge their coates lustely for it: And with that one of the boyes opening the doore, told Tom that his Mistres wold haue him send vp his errand: soloo quoth hee is she so statelie that she will not come downe? I haue séene the day when she wold haue béen glad to haue spokē with me: I quoth the fellow it may be so, when you haue brought he a new paire of shoes that hath pincht her at the toes. Come Harry said Tom, I will take paines for this once to goe vp to her: by my faith but you shall not said the fellowe, and therefore kéep backe for you come not in héere. Tom Drum séeing himselfe thus disgracst before his fellowe Harrie being very angry, askt if this was the best entertainment that they could afford their mistres friends? and there withall began to struggle with them: which their mistres hearing, started from the table & sodainly came to sée what the matter was, who being certified of Tom Drums saucines, began thus sharply to check him why fellow quoth she, art thou mad, that thus vnciuelly thou behauest thy selfe? what hast thou to say to me, that thou art thus importunate? No hurt quoth hee, but that this gentleman & I would haue bestowed a galland of wine to haue had three or foure houres talke with you.

I tell thée said shee, I am not now at leasure, and therefore good honestie trouble me no more: neither is it my wont to bee won with wine at any time. Gods Lord quoth he are you growne so coy? if you and I were alone I know I should finde you more milde: what must no man but Doctor Burket cast your water? is his phisick in most request? well I meane to be better entertained ere I goe, for there is never a flemming of them al shal out face me, by the morrow masse I sweare. Mistresse Farmer séeing him so furious, answered hee should haue present entertainment according to hys desert: whereupon she made no more to doe, but quietly went to her seruantes, and wild them to thrust him out by the head and shoulders: which presently they performed. But Harry was by her verie modestly answered, that if hee had occasion of any speech with her, the next day he should come and be patiently heard and gently answered: with which words, after she had drunke to him in a goblet of Claret wine, he departed: and going home he told Tom Drum he was highly beholding to him for his curtesie in preferring his sute to Mistres Farmer: surely quoth he you are in verie high fauour with the faire woman, and so it séemed by your great entertainment: I pray thee Tom tell me how tasted the meate which she set on thy trencher with her siluer forke? and what secret was that which she told in thy eare? trust mee thou art precious in her eies, for she was as glad to sée thée, as if one had giuen her a rush, for when after many hot words she heard thée draw thy breath so short, shee for verie pittie tumbled thee out into the stréete to take more ayre. Well well quoth Tom, flout on, but I am wel enough serued, ile lay my life had I not brought thee with me, never a man should haue had more welcome then I: And nowe I consider with my self, that it did anger her to the hart when she saw I was purposed to make another copartner of her presence: but it shall teach mee wit while I

liue,

lice, for I remember an olde saying: Loue and Lordship brookes no fellowship: But when this matter was made known to the rest of the iorneymen: Tom Drums entertainment was spoke of in euery place, insomuch that it is to this day a prouerbe amongst vs, that where it is supposed a man shall not be welcomed, they will say he is like to haue Tom Drums entertainment. And to auoide the flouts that were dayly giuen him, poore Tom Dram forsooke Fléetestréete, and at last went into Scotland, being prest for a drummer at Muskelborough field, where the noble Duke of Sommerset and the Earle of Warwicke were sent with a noble armie: where the Englishmen and Scotes méeting, there was fought a cruell battle, the victorie whereof fel to the Englishmen: at what time there was slaine of the Scotes to the number of fourteéne thousand, and fifteéne hundred taken prisoners: where we will leaue Tom Drum till his returne, making mention how Harry Neuell behaued himselfe in the meane space in London.

Chap. 9.

¶ How Harry Neuell, wooed mistres Farmer and deceaued Doctor Burket: and how they were both beguiled by a prentice that dwelt in the house, who in the end married her.

MIstres Farmer fléering the hearts of many with her faire beautie, was wonderfully woed by Doctor Burket, who would giue vnto her diuers rich gifts, the which though they were faire and costly, yet Mistres Farmer would hardly accept them, but euen what he in a manner by perforce com-

constrained her to take, least by his running he should insort therein some matter more then ordinarie, that might moove any motion of love, contrary to her naturall inclination: upon a time Harry Neuell comming thether, & finding the Doctor very diligent to breed the widowes content, whereby he greatly hindred his proceedings, cast in his minde how he might disburden the house of the Doctor, and get opportunity to prefer his owne sute. At last lighting on a deuice fit for the purpose, in this sort he delt with the Doctor: there was an Egiptian woman that at Blackwall was in trauel with child, and had such hard labour, that she was much lamented among all the wiues that dwelt thereabout. Harry Neuel comming that way, and hearing thereof, thought it a fit matter to imploy Doctor Burket about, while in the meane space he might the better bewray his affection to the widow.

Whereupon he sent one to him atyred like a seruing man, booted and spurd, who comming to the widdowes house all in a sweate, laid load on the doore, demaunding for M. Doctor: what would you with him quoth one of the maides? Marie quoth he my Lady Swinborne hath sent for him in all post haste, and therefore I pray you let me speake with him. I will presently doe your errand said the maide: whereupon running vp she told him that my Lady Swinborn had sent a messenger in great haste to speake with him. Doctor burket hearing that, and being well acquainted with the Lady Swinborne, tooke leaue of the Widow, and went to the messenger, saying: How now good fellow, what would my good Lady haue with me? Sir said the messenger, she would desire you if euer you did tender the life of a Lady, to make no delay but presently to put your selfe a horseback, & come to her, for she is wondrous sicke. I am sorrie for that said the Doctor, and surely I will make all the speed possible to come vnto her: whereupon the Doctor tooke horse and

imediatly

No. 218.

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F. 3.

This very curious history of Tom Dreem is believed to be alluded to in All's Well that Ends Well. It is taken from one of the only two copies known of the first edition of Deloney's Historie of the Gentle Craft, 1598.

6555a

by another a scarfe to Strangwidge, by the third he sent them a siluer bottle of Aquauita, wishing them to bée of good chéers, for he intended to be better acquainted with them ere long. The Captaines finding these fauors to be but floutes, were more grieued thereat, then at their hurt, and therefore with manie disdainfull spéeches, they refused his proferred curtesie.

And you shall vnderstand that afterward Peacheies men by two and two at a time, did often méete and fight with them, & so narrowly wold they watch for them, that they could be in no place in peace, insomuch that the Captaines found fighting worke enough, and a great deale more then willingly they would, whereby they receiued manie scarres and woundes in the body, so that lightlie they were neuer out of surgions hands. Vpon a time it chanced that being vpon the point of their voyage and shortlie to goe to sea: Stuteley and Strangwidge hauing béen at the court, and newly come from my Lord Admeralls lodging, before they came to charing Crosse, they were incountered by a couple of Peacheys men, who presently drew vpon them, and laid so freely about, that the two Captaines were glad at length to house themselues for their refuge: Nowe a plague on them quoth Stuteley, shall we neuer be in quiet for these quoy-strels? neuer were we so ferrited before, swounes wee can no sooner looke into the stréetes, but these shoomakers haue vs by the eares: a pox on it that euer wee medled with the rascales: sblood they be as vnluckie to be met, as a Hare in a iorney, or a sargent on a sunday morning, for euer one mischiefe or other follows it. Captaine Strangwidge (quoth he) there is no other shift but to séeke their friendship, otherwise we are in danger euerie houre to be maimd: therfore to kéep our limbs sound against we goe to sea, tis best to finde meanes to quiet this grudge.

Then said Strangwidge it were good to doe so, if a

man knew how: but you may be sure they will not easily be intreated, seeing we haue so mightily abused them in speech. Thus they cast in their minds diuers times by what meanes they might be reconsiled, and albeit they sent diuers of their friends vnto Master Peachey and his men, yet they would not yeeld nor giue consent to be appeased, nor to put vp such wrongs as they had receiued without further reuenge: so that the Captaines were at length constrained to make sute to the Duke of Suffolke to take vp the matter: who most honorablie performed their request: and so the grudge ended betwixt them, to the great credit of M. Peachey and al his men.

Chap. 6.

¶ How Harry Neuell and Tom Drum came to serue Peachey of Fleete-streete.

THe fame of Peachey running through England by meanes of the fraies which he and his men had with Stuteley and Strangwidge, it made manie of that occupation desirous to come and dwel with him, for beside that he was a tall man of his hands, he was also an excellent good workman, and therewithall a bountifull house keeper. Among manie other that was desirous of his service, there was one called Tom Drum, that had a great minde to be his man, a very odde fellow and one that was sore infected with the fume of cogging: this boasting companion sitting on a time sadlie at worke in his Masters shoppe at Petworth, and seeing the sunne shine verie faire

faire, made no more to doe, but sodainly shrowded vp saint Hughes boues, and taking downe his pike staffe, clapt his packe at his back, and cald for his Master, who comming into the shop, and séeing his man prepard to be prancing abroad, demaunded what the matter was that he followd not his busines?

O Master quoth he, sée you not how swéetly the sunne shines, and how trimly the trées are deckt with gréene leaues? Wel and how then quoth his Master? Marie sir quoth he, hauing a great minde to heare the small birds sing, and séeing the weather fitter to walk then to work, I cald you foorth to take my leaue and to bid you farewell, I hope sir I haue no wages in your hand, haue I?

Why no quoth his Master, thou wilt be sure to take an order for that, and therefore séeing thou wilt begon adue: God be with you good master quoth he, and farewell all goodfellowes of the gentle craft, and therewith he departed.

The iorneymen of the towne hearing that Tom Drum went away, according to their ancient custome they gathered themselues together to drinke with him, and to bring him out of towne: and to this intent, vp they goe with him to the signe of the Crowne, where they parted not till they had drunke a stande of Ale dry.

Which being done, they bring him a myle on his way, carrying a gallon of Béere with them: and lastly there once againe they drunke to his good health, and to Crispianus soule, and to all the good fellowes of Kerbfoord: which being done, they all shooke him by the hand, and with hollowing and whopping, so long as they can sée him, they bid him an hundred times farewell. So soone as he was gone out of their whopping, the sweate réeking in his hand and the Ale in his head, he trippes so light in the high

way, that he feeles not the ground he goes on: and therfore being in a merie vaine, and desirous to dyne out the wearie way, as he walkes he begins thus pleasantly to sing.

The primerose in the greene Forrest,
the Violets that be gay:
The duble Daysies and the rest,
that trimly deckes the way.
Doth moove the spirits to braue delights,
where beauties darlings be:
With hey tricksie trim goe tricksie,
vnder the greene wood tree.

The singing of this song awaked a yong gentleman whom sorrow had laid a sleep on a greene banke by the high waies side. Who hauing vnadvisedly displeased his parents, in a choler left the young departed from them, betaking himselfe to trauell, thereby to trie how fortune would fauour him abroad: but hauing now spent all his money, he was in a woefull taking, not knowing what to doe, for neuer had hee beene brought vp to any trade, whereby hee might bee able to get a pennie at his needs. Wherefore being in this distresse, he was fully purposed to goe to London, and there to learne some occupation, whereby he might keep himselfe a true man, and not be driuen to seeke succor of his friends.

Now therefore when he heard Tom Dum so trimly tune it on the way, raising himselfe from the sad ground he awaited his comming, at whose sodaine sight Tom Dum started like one that had spide an adder: and seeing him prouided with a good sword and buckler, supposed he had been one that waited for a fat purse: for which cause he began thus to enter parley with him: Good fellow quoth he, God giue thee good morrow, but ill speed: Why saist thou so quoth Harry? because said Tom, by

the

the good light of the day thou maist see to passe beside me, and that by thy speeding ill, I may speed the better: what hast thou such store of money (quoth Harry) that thou art loath to loose it?

Nay by my faith quoth he, I have so little that I cannot spare it: for I assure thee all my store is but one rose penny, and that thou maist see heere vnder my little finger. Why then quoth Harry if I were minded to assait thee, it should be more to rob thee of thy manhood then thy money: but tell me what packe is that thou beares at thy backe? Marie they bee saint Hughes bones: saint Hughes bones quoth Harry, what is that? A kinde of commodity said Tom which I cannot misse, for they be my working tooles.

I pray thee said Harrie what occupation art thou? sir quoth he, I am a gold smith that makes rings for womens heeles: What meanst thou by that said Harrie? I am quoth Tom of the gentle craft, vulgarlie called a shoomaker.

The happier art thou quoth Harry that hast a trade to liue by, for by that meanes thou carriest credit with thee in euerie place: but tell me good friend, what is thy name, and how far dost thou trauell this way? sir quoth he, I trauell to the next towne, but my iorney is to London, and as for my name I am not ashamde to shew it: For my name is a nowne substantiue that may be felt heard and vnderstood, and to speake the truth I am called, whoe there: I trust sir you aske for no hurt, you are no Baylie nor Baylies man, are ye? no not I said Harrie: Gods blessing on you quoth he, I loue you the better: for I was neuer so fraide least my hoste ne of the George in Petworth, had set you to arrest me, for I think I owe her some ten groates on the score, set vp in very faire chalke, as one of the principalles of her house is able to testifie: but I pray God send her meate, for I verilie thinke I shall neuer send her money.

But

But yet quoth Harry, I know not howe to call your name: verilie said he I am called Thomas Drum, or Tom Drum chuse you weather: Well Thomas quoth Harrie, I perceiue thou art a man and a good fellow, therefore I will not bee strange to open my nede vnto thee. I haue been vntomy parents vntoward, and more then that, not knowing when I was well, wilfully I came from them: and now that I haue spent all my money and worne my selfe out of credit, I haue vtterly vndone my selfe, for I am not worth a groate, nor no man will truste me for two pence: Why then quoth Tom thou art not worth so much as goodman Laters lame nagge, for my Lord of Northumberlands huntsman would haue giuen halfe a crowne for him to haue fed his dogges: notwithstanding be of good cheere, if thou wilt goe to London with me, I will beare thy charges, and yfaith at the next towne we will be merrie and haue good cheere.

Alas quoth Harris how can that be, seeing you haue but one pennie: ile tell thee what quoth Tom, wert thou a shoomaker as I am, thou mightst go with a single pennie vnder thy finger, and trauell all England ouer, and at euerie good towne, haue both meate, drinke and lodging of the best, and yet haue thy penny still in store, as when we come to Gilford you shall soone see. Beleeue me quoth Harrie that is more then any trades man in England els can doe.

Tush quoth Tom, shoomakers will not see one an other lacke, for it is our vse if wee know of a good fellow that comes to towne, wanting either meate or money, and that he make himselfe knowen, he shall nede to take no further care, for he shall be sure that the iorneymen of that place will not onely giue him kinde welcome, but also prouide him all thinges necessarie of free cost: and if he be disposed to worke among them, he shal haue a Master prouided by their meanes, without any

sute

ſute made by himſelfe at all. Verilie quoth Harrie thou doſt rauiſh me with the good report of thy paſſing kinde and curteous trade, and I would ſpend part of my gentle blood, to be of the gentle craft: and for thy curteſie if thou wouldſt teach it me, I would annoint thee a gentleman for euer; Wilt thou ſay and hold quoth Tom? Or els hang me ſaid Harrie: then ſaid he annoint me a gentleman, and I will ſhape thee for a ſhoomaker ſtraight. Thereupon Harrie tooke his knife and cutting his finger, all to beſmeared Tom Drums face with his blood, that he made him looke like the Image at Bred-ſtreete corner, or rather like the Sarazins head without Newgate.

Tom Drum ſeeing him doe ſo, ſaid he might by that meanes as well annoint him a ioyner as a gentleman: Nay ſaid Harrie, I doe not deceiue thee I warrant thee, ſeeing this blood did ſpring from a gentleman: if thou wilt not beleeue me, aſke all the men in Towne-malin, and they will ſay the like.

Well ile take thy word quoth Tom: And therefore looke that preſently thou ſtrip thy ſelfe, for I will caſt thee in a ſhoomakers mould by and by: Harrie perceiuing his meaning did what he willed and ſo he was ſuted in Toms attyre, and Tom in his, ſo that Harrie bore the pike ſtafe and Saint Hughes bones: and Tom ſwaggard with his ſword and buckler: and comming in this ſorte to Oxford they were both taken for ſhoomakers, and verie hartilie welcomed by the iorneymen of that place, eſpecially Harry, becauſe they neuer ſaw him before: and at their meeting they aſkt him and if he could ſing, or ſound the trumpet, or play on the flute, or recon vp his tooles in rime, or manfully handle his pike ſtaffe, or fight with ſword & buckler? beleeue me quoth Harrie, I can neither ſound the trumpet, nor play on the *Flute*: & beſhroe his noſe that made me a ſhoomaker, for he neuer taught me to recon vp my tooles in rime, nor in proſe.

Tom

Tom hearing him say so, told them that he made him of an old seruingman a new shoomaker: When was that quoth they? marie saith hee when I was annointed a Gentleman, for I thinke this face can shew that I haue gentle blood about me: why then quoth they thou art but a painted gentleman: but we must account this yong man wise, that to auoide miserie betakes himselfe to follow our misterie, for cunning continueth when fortune fleeteth: but it will be hard for such as neuer were brought vp to bodilie labour, to frame their fine fingers to anie course faculty.

Not a whit quoth Harry, for labour by custome becommeth easie. Thou saist true said Tom, for I durst lay a good wager I haue made more shoes in one day then all the iorneymen heere haue done in a month: with that one of the iorneymen began to chafe saying: how many paire of shooes hast thou made in a day: I made quoth Tom when the daies were at longe, eight score paire of shoes in one day.

O monstrous detestable lie quoth they, and thereupon one ran into the chimney and cryed, come again clement, come againe. Who callst thou quoth Tom? I call Clement carrie-lye that runnes poste betwixt the turke and the deuill, that he may take his full loading ere hee goe, for the best iorneyman that euer I knew, neuer made aboue ten paire in a day in his life: and I will laie my whole yeeres wages with thee that thou canst not make twentie paire in a day, as they ought to be: I should bee ashamed but to doe as much as another, and I neuer saw him yet that could out worke me, yet dare not I take vpon me to make a dosen paire of shoes in a day: but tis an old saying, they brag most that can doe least. Why thou Puple quoth Tom, thou house Doue, thou cricket that neuer crept further then the chimney corner: tel me what countries hast thou trauelled?

Far enough quoth he to proone as good a workeman

as

as thou art: I deny that quoth Tom, for I haue béene where I haue séene men headed like dogs, and women of the same shape, where if thou hadst offerd them a kisse they would haue béene ready to haue snapt off thy nose: othersome I haue séene that one of their legs hath béene as good as a penthouse to couer their whole bodies, and yet I haue made them shoes to serue their féete, which I am sure thou couldst neuer doe: nay if thou wilt goe with me, if thou séest me not make an hundred paire of shoes from sunne rising to sun setting, count me worse then a stinking Mackrell. Now verily thy talke stinkes too much quoth they, and if thou canst doe so, neuer make further iorney, but try the matter héere.

I tell you quoth Tom, I cannot trie it in England nor yet in France, Spaine or Italie, nor in any part of the Low countries: nor in high Germany, Sweathland or Polonia: We thinke no lesse quoth they, nor in any part of the world beside. Yes quoth Tom, I can doe it as we trauell to Russia, for there euery day is fiue and fiftie of our daies in length: nay ile tel you further quoth Tom, in some parts of the world where I haue béen, it is day for halfe a yéere together, and the other halfe yéere is continually night: and goe no further quoth he but into the further part of Scotland, and you shall finde one day there (in the month of June) to be foure and twentie houres long: and therefore my Masters while you liue, take héede how you contrary a trauellor, for therein you shall but bewray your owne ignorance, and make your selues mocking stockes to men of knowledge. And trauellors (quoth they) vncontroled, haue liberty to vtter what lyes they list.

My masters tell me quoth Tom, were you not borne in Arcadia? No quoth they, but why aske you? because said Tom that country doth most abound in plentie of Asses, where they swarme as thicke as Bées in Sicilly: we haue cause to giue you much thankes quoth they for

calling vs Asses so kindly: not so said Tom I did but aske a question: but seeing you are so cunning, tell me what Countrie breedes the best Hides and leather, and from whence haue we the best Corke? our best Corke comes from Portugall quoth they, but the best leather growes in our owne land: I deny it quoth Tom, there is I confesse good Corke in Portugall, but the best growes in Sparta: but for Hides and leather there is none comparable to that in Sicilia: where I haue made a man a paire of shoes that hath lasted him a twelue month to toyle in euerie day. O tis a gallant countrie, for ile tell you what, there is neuer a shoomaker in England that that kept so many men as I did at that time.

Then said the rest, thou speakest thou knowest not what: Maister Peachey of Fléetestréete kéepes continually fortie men a worke, and the gréene King of saint Martins hath at this time little lesse then three score workemen.

This is prettie well quoth Tom: but what say you to him that for halfa yéere together, kept waiting on him aboue a hundred men that neuer did him stich of worke? this was a shoomaker of some account: but who was that quoth they? Marie quoth Tom simple though I stand héer, it was my selfe, and yet I neuer made brags of it. O what a shamelesse lyer art thou quoth they, wée neuer knew thée able to kéep one man. Nowe by this head said Tom you doe me mightie wrong, and were it not that you be all of the gentle craft, which science I doe so greatly loue and reuerence, this yron and stéele should make it good vpon your flesh: for I tell you once againe I haue béene Maister of an hundred men, and put fiue score to the hundred: I pray you tell vs (quoth they) what men were they? what men were they quoth Tom, they were vermin: in troth quoth they, wee thought as much, and we commend you for telling truth, and wee suppose if you were well searcht we should finde twenty vermin

waiting

waiting on you still. But tell vs Tom art thou minded to be a Peachey man? I am quoth he except hee will make me his fellow. By the masse quoth they then were best thou best to haue thy words readie, and thy wits sure for he receiues no seruant before he tries his manhood: so much the better quoth Tom, and for that purpose I poste vp to London. Thus hauing had at Gilford verie good cheere, the iorneymen of the townes paide for al, and beside gaue them money in their purses to spend by the way, and so toward London they went with all speed.

Chap. 7.

¶ How the wilde Knight Sir Iohn Rainsford for burying a massing priest aliue, was faine to leaue his Lady and forsake his house, till he had obtained his pardon of the King: who meeting with Harry Nevell and Tom Drum, went with them to serue Peachey of Fleete-streete, where for a while he became a shoomaker.

YOu shall vnderstand that at this time there liu'd a gallant knight called Sir Iohn Rainsford, who was for his courage and valiant heart inferiour to few men liuing: he kept a bountiful house, and a braue company of tall men to waite vpon him. To all the poore round about where hee dwelt, he was verie charitable, relieuing them daylie both with money and victuals: hee was a famous Courtier and in great fauour with the king, and the onely thing that disgrac'd his vertues was this,

that he was something wilde in behauiour, and wilful in his attempts, often repenting sadly what he committed rashly.

It came to passe vpon a time that as this couragious Knight was riding home to his owne house, there was at a certaine village a corpes carried to be buried, the deceased father of fiue small children, and the late husband of a wofull Widow, whose pouerty was such that shée had no money to pay for his buriall: which thing, Sir John the parish priest doubting, wold not by any means doe his dutie to the dead man, except he might first haue his money.

The Widow and her children, with many teares intreated him to doe his office, but he would not be perswaded, saying: What you beggars, would you haue me open my sacred lips, to inuocate and call vpon the King of heauen to receiue thy husbandes soule, and to perswade our great Grandmother the earth to wrap his cold body in her warme besome, for nothing? I tell thée no: first shall his soule fry in the flambes of Purgatory, till it be as thin as a pancake, and his body remain aboue ground till the crowes haue pickt his carrion carkasse to the bare bones: and therefore leaue your pueling and prate no more, least you make me as choloricke as a quaile: and there withall, as he was going away, the poore Widow falling on her knees, plucks him by the gowne, saying: good sir John, for swéete saint charitie say one Aue marie, or one pater nostre, and let my poore husbandes corpes be couered, though it be but with one handfull of holy ground.

Nay Dame quoth he, dos you remember at the last shrift how you serued me? you would not, no forsooth you would not: and now good Sisters I will not: no pennie no pater nostre that is flat: I pray you now sée if your honestie be sufficient to keep your husband from the crowes. I thought a time would come at length to

cry quittance for your coynes, and with that word away he went.

The poore Widow seeing his obstinacie, with a heauy heart turnd to the high waies side, which was hard adioyning to the Churchyard, and there she and her children wofully begd of the passers, by some money to burie their fathers dead bodie.

At the last Sir John came riding with all his men, of whome the poore Widow in this manner began to aske his almes: good Sir quoth shée, if euer womans mizerie moou'd your heart to pittie, giue me one pennie for gods sake toward the buring of my poore husband: in like manner the children cryed saying, one pennie for Christ his sake good Master, good Master one pennie. Sir John hearing their lamentable crie, and séeing the dead corpes lying there, askt why the priest did not burie it?

O sir Knight quoth she, I haue no money to pay for the buriall, and therefore the Priest will not doe it. No quoth Sir John, by Gods blessed mother I sweare, ile make him burie the dead or ile burie him aliue: whereupon he willed one of his men presently to goe to the Parsonage for the Priest, and to bring him thether immediatlie: his man did so, and foorth came sir John in his gowne and corner cap, roughly demaunding, who would speake with him.

That would I quoth sir John Rainsford: therefore tell me, how comes it to passe, that according to order you put not this dead corpes into the pit? Sir quoth he, because according to order they will not pay me for my paines.

Aboue all men quoth Sir John, Priestes should respect the poore, and charitably regard the state of the needie because they the [illegible] teach charitie to the people, and perswade men vnto workes of mercie: and therefore sir John séeing good deeds are meritorious, doe you win heauen by this good worke, and let the dead

posselle their due: I, so they shall said the priest so I may not loose my due: for I tell you further, I count it little better then folly, to fill my soule with pleasure by emptying my purse with coine: wilt thou not burie him said the Knight? No, not without money said the priest: I praie thee said the knight, let me intreate thee for this time to do it, because the woman is poore: Then let me intreate you to pay me quoth the priest because you are rich.

Sir John Rainsford seeing him stand so peremtorie on his points, swoore a deep oath that it were best for him to burie him, or quoth he ile burie thee: burie me said the priest: a figge for you, and burie blind bayard when he is dead, or the dogs that your Haukes will not eate. The knight at these wordes being marueious angry, commaunded his men to take him vp and cast him into the graue: his men made no more to doe, but presently vpon their masters word tooke vp the priest, and wrapped him round in his gowne, put him quicke into the graue, and the rest cast earth vpon him as fast as they could, at what time the priest cride out, hold, hold for Gods sake, let mee rise and I will burie him: May soft quoth the Knight, thou art like to rise, no rising heere before the generall resurrection that thou shalt rise to iudgement, and therefore quicke as he was they buried him, which being done, he commaunded the sexten to make another graue for the dead man, and sending for another priest, he askt him if hee would burie the dead without money: who making twentie legs sheuering and shaking with feare, answerd I forsooth with all my hart, for they are knaues and no christians that will not burie it.

Now when the dead man was buried the knight gaue the poore widow an angel in gold to comfort her and her children, and so rode his way.

When he came home he told his Ladie what he had done, who greatly grieuing thereat, wisht hee had

paid for twentie burials, rather then he had made that one buriall. This done now said the knight, and vndone it cannot bee againe, though with griefe I should kill my selfe.

Now you shall vnderstand that the Deane of the Diocess hauing word hereof, rode vp presently to London, and made a great complaint thereof vnto the King, which when his grace had considered, he was very wrath thereat, and therefore sent downe pursuants to apprehend the Knight, but hee before had forsaken his house and wandred in disguise vp and downe the country. His Ladie in the meane space made great sute for his pardon, being therein assisted by diuers graue Counselors and Noble Lords, who much lamented the Knightes case: Notwithstanding they could hardly forbeare laughing many times when they thought vpon this mad prancke.

But as Sir John disguisedly wandred, he chaunced twixt Gilford and London to light in company with Harrie Nevell and Tom Drum: But Harry beeing him well in the face, discryde by his countenance what he was: and marvelling much to see him in such distresse, made himselfe not knowne, but sounded in him in this sort.

Sir quoth he, whether doe you wander this way, or to what place travell you? Gentle youth quoth he, fitly dost thou aske me whether I wander, seeing indeed we doe all but wander in this vale of miserie: dost thou demaund whether I travell? may rather aske wherefore I travell, or wherewith I travell, and then could I soone answeare thee: sbones quoth Tom I durst lay a hapoth of Ale, that the peasant is in labour with Loue.

May quoth Sir John, hadst thou sayd I had travelled with griefe, and that I was in labour with sorrow then hadst thou said right, for I may say to thee, I haue had

had a sore labour continuing this month in paine, and yet is not the time of my deliuerance come, wherein I should be freed from this vntoward childe of care: thou didst thinke I was in loue, O would to God it were so, for while I was in loue, my daies ran forth in pleasant houres, but I am cast off like a lumpe of earth from the gardoners spade. I loue, but I am not beloued, but rather hated and dispised.

Tush quoth Tom, bridle these foolish passions, for ile tel thee what, hunger aswageth loue, and so doth time; but if thou be not able to doe any of these, then to take an halter, which if thou dost vse as it ought, if euer thou complaine more of sorrow or care, neuer trust my word for a couple of blacke puddings.

Belike said sir John, thou hast béene some hangman that thou art so cunning in the nature of an halter: but howsoeuer thou accountest it good, yet is it an ill word foure times a yeere at Newgate, and as small comfort is it to me to heare it rehearst at this time.

In deed said Harrie, these are vnsauerie termes to be spoken to a sorrowfull man: neither haue any of vs great cause to be merie at this méeting, considering the hard cases we are in, that are both masterlesse and moneylesse: which if God doe not soone send vs, will cause our sodaine miserie.

With that the Knight turning his head, pluckt his hat to his eies, to hide the teares that trickled downe his face, saying: O my masters, want of money cannot make a man miserable, if he haue health and libertie to worke for his liuing, but indéed the frownes of a good Master, the displeasure of a good Master, the hate of a good Master may easilie make a seruant miserable, as by my owne experience I haue séene, and to my griefe but lately felt.

What man be blith said Tom, and neuer grieue so much for the ill will of a Master, God kéep me from be-

ing